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CHANT-ROYAL
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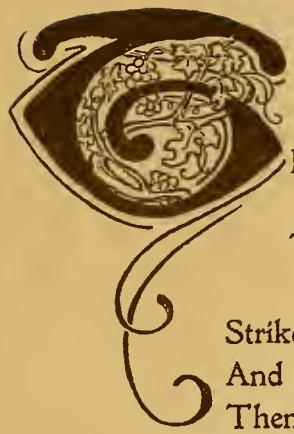
CHANT-ROYAL OF CALIFORNIA

ONWARD the Nation marches, and in sight
Of this far Western sea, whose ripples glow
Wide towards the sunset, with its staff does smite
The rock of Hope, that golden streams may flow.
This is our Promised Land, beyond compare
The most prolific Eden, rich and fair.
Here may we lay our hearth-stones, and in glee
Of new possession and with song, may we
Set out the grape and fig, and seed-corn strew.
Ah, gallant husbandmen, what soil have ye!
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew!

IGH as her hills shall be her honour's height,
Deep as her gorges loyalty shall go,
Broad as her plains or as her eagle's flight
Shall be the freedom she shall then bestow.
This is our field; so gird us, and be yare
To conquer and to hold, to brave and dare
The perils of her wealth—nor bow the knee
To the dead laws, nor from live truths to flee!
Thus, only, must we fare the long years through,
If the land fatten—and be this our plea:
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew!

RING no old myths to exercise their might
O'er her grey mountains' grim defending row;
Let the past heroes linger in the night,
Nor haunt her meadows where wild flowers blow!
False gods are all behind, ah, leave them there—
Let the new race dare breathe her fresher air!
Tribe after tribe has lived and left her free;
Aztec and Indian hailed Yosemite,
Shasta and Tamalpais—the Spaniard, too,
Passed with the Russ; but 't is her fate's decree
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew!



HEN may we garner nothing but the Right —
The seeds of Error may we never sow!
The soil is virgin and the sunshine bright,
The glad warm rains shall teach the bud to grow.
Strike deep the furrow straight with forthright care
And gather all the lavish Seasons bear,
Then shall a nation rise, of such degree
As never Argonaut dared hope to see!
A thousand harvests shall not half subdue
The power of this land's abundant fee;
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew!

OH, maiden West! What need to reindite
Her beauties and her blessings—all men know!
The day rings with her laughter of delight,
All of earth's good she has, without the woe.
The joy of youth is hers—a future rare
Is hers to win, to foster and to share;
Strong, reckless, frank and generous is she,
Holding with thoughtless hand her fortune's key;
Yet underneath her sun and heavens blue
The vine shall yield, and it shall come to be
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew!

ENVOY

PIONEER, what task is set for thee!
Not thine to taste the fruit, but plant the tree;
The years of strife are thine; if thou art true,
Thy son's sons shall enjoy the jubilee.
This vintage shall the old world's youth renew.

— Gelett Burgess.

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